

in my home and I was repeatedly a guest in his house. So it happened that during my twenty-two years of residence and work in Missouri, I saw him oftener, knew him better, and spent more hours in conversation with him than any man in the State, except a few very intimate friends in my own congregations.

And now thinking over over the thirty years since first I saw him, and recalling many events and incidents of which he was the central figure, there are two things that stand out prominently as characteristic of the man.

One was: His uniform and unfailing good humor. Always bright, cheery and happy himself, he brought good cheer and joy to all about him; his conversation sparkled with wit and humor, and he had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes which he told in an inimitable way. So natural was all this that, like a perennial spring, he seemed to be constantly overflowing with fun and humor; and so original were many of his ideas and so fresh and unexpected his manner of expressing them, that he rarely made an address or gave a talk without exciting a smile again and again, sometimes even causing a hearty laugh; and more than once he has been known to break the dull monotony and disturb the solemn seriousness of a long, dry discussion, or to relieve the strain of a heated debate by a quaint remark, a pertinent—or impertinent!—question, a funny story, or one of his breezy talks delivered with tone, gesture and expression all his own. But in all this there was nothing strained, or coarse, or unkind, or unchristian; on the contrary it flowed spontaneously from the clean, cheerful, happy heart of a genial Christian gentleman who loved his fellowmen. His life was an embodiment of that Scriptural injunction, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say Rejoice."

Another thing even more conspicuous in his character and life was his devotion to the Master and His kingdom. Judging by what was seen and known he came as near filling up the measure of our Lord's rule of Christian living, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," as any man—certainly as any business man—I ever knew. If any doubt or question this, then let me ask: During the last thirty-five or forty years was there a man in St. Louis, or anywhere, more regular and faithful in all Christian duties in his own (local) church? Or one who more frequently engaged in religious work and service outside his own church and denomination? Was there any man, minister or layman who visited more places and addressed more and larger audiences in all parts of Missouri (and elsewhere) on religious topics? Was any name better known or more honored as a man of God in thousands of homes from one end to the other of that great State? Who has spoken directly to more men on the subject of personal salvation? And how many have given to the Lord and His kingdom more freely, cheerfully and largely? I refer not so much to pecuniary gifts, though in this respect, too, he was a "hilarious giver", but to those other higher, rarer and more precious gifts of time, influence, thought, speech, heart and life. Finally, was there another man in the State, and how many in the United States, who was better and more widely known as a

Christian man than as a man of business? Yet he was a busy man with large, important and pressing business interests and affairs; but of the thousands who knew him well as an earnest, active Christian worker, not one in ten, I venture, knew aught of his business or business affairs. And if this was not putting the kingdom and its interests first, what was or could be? Taking him all in all, he was one in a thousand, and now that he is gone, "we ne'er shall see his like again."

Of the last, Dr. J. M. Chaney, little need, or can, be said, after the full and appreciative tribute by Dr. Gordon in a recent paper. My acquaintance began in 1878, when I went to Lexington, Mo., where he was then residing, for he had been president of Elizabeth Aull Seminary and had supplied the church for nearly a year after the former pastor left. And he felt a little aggrieved towards the Session because, as he thought, they had declined to give the congregation an opportunity to say directly whether they wanted him to be their pastor. Knowing this, I was a little doubtful as to how he would regard me, who had come to take the vacant pastorate; he was very pleasant and polite whenever we met, and attended regularly all church services when at home, but he never called, though living in Lexington for six months or more. So I was a wee bit uncertain as to my standing with him. He happened, however, to be Moderator of Presbytery when I joined; after the usual examination and when the motion to receive was made, he said, before putting the motion, "I would like to ask you one question more: If a man wished to join your church, saying he was a Presbyterian by preference and belief, but thought immersion the Scriptural mode of baptism, and wanted you to immerse him, what would you do?" I replied that never having had such a case, I had given the question no special thought, but with my present views, I would decline. Instantly he exclaimed, "I am glad to hear you say so, my brother!" Then leaving the Moderator's chair, he came and took my hand in both his, saying, "In behalf of the Presbytery of Lafayette I give you the right hand of fellowship, and welcome you to a place and work among us. God bless you!" Then he put the question and I was duly received and enrolled. From that day we were fast friends.

This well illustrated the manner of man he was; it was very much his way. And you had to know him well in order thoroughly to understand and appreciate the good, the best that was in him, the real man, his true self. A good friend once said, "Dr. Chaney is like a chestnut; outside a burr full of sharp points and you have to 'mind' how you approach, but once within what you find, the nut, is all sound and sweet and good." This witness is true. A man of strong convictions and with the courage of his convictions, who thought clearly and rapidly, made up his mind quickly, and expressed himself promptly and positively, careful only that what he said was the truth—as he saw it—and truth that ought to be declared then and there. So it happened that he was often brusque, and at times he seemed a little rough, especially to strangers. But to those who knew and loved him, a man who feared God, loved the truth and hated evil. Indeed, a manlier